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SELECT TALES.

Stock=am=eisen—or, THE IRON TRUNK.
(Concluded.)

The ball-room of the ducal palace was adorned for the occasion with the most costly decorations; and early in the evening the vast range of the extensive gardens was illuminated with a splendor that rivaled the fabled magnificence of the East. In the whole brilliant crowd that thronged the superb saloons, there was not a finer figure than Frederick Stapps. In every glittering circle the Baron Von Fuerstein excited unshaken admiration; and the son of the village curate certainly did the honors of his rank with a grace of which he never supposed he had been master. With an aching and unconscious heart, however, he, in the indulgence of his one solitary hope, only watched the long list of titled dames as they were introduced. At length, with an ecstasy of gratified delight, he heard the Princess Louisa of Rodoldstadt announced, and with senses conscious of no other presence, he saw advance supported by her mother, that very girl who was the long shined deity of his soul, and far exceeding in the bright reality of her charms all the invested loveliness of his enthusiastic fancy. With a thrilling frame he came to meet her; and, oh, God! could it be but the tale of his fluttering heart, or was it the reflection of his own burning cheek that he saw suffuse that angel countenance for a moment with crimson consciousness. Yet so it was. The high-born heiress of that princely house recognized in the elegant baron the impassioned stranger of the rampart, and the emotion she was unable to conceal told the overjoyed Stapps that he was not the only one delighted by the interview. In her presence he forgot every other feeling but the sensation of his bliss; and when she had blushed consent to his offer of protection, and he held her soft and delicate hand through the ranks of beauty she totally but unconsciously eclipsed; he felt that full delicious gush of happiness in his heart, which obliterates in a moment the long and sickening vacuum of unsatisfied desire. It is only in the presence of rival charms which extinguishes ordinary pretensions that perfect beauty can assert its claim. Stapps looked around that night with unmingle satisfaction and pride, as he felt that the graceful creature he supported surpassed every decorated lady, as the star of evening is distinguished amid all the brilliances of heaven for its lovelier radiance, saw her appear among the numberless fair around a purer and a brighter being. After dancing, he led her into the spacious garden; and it was there in a retired arbor where the sweetest perfume oppressed every sense, and strains of enchanting music died upon the illuminated air, that the impassioned youth first told the confiding girl how long—how ardently he had loved; and it was there, while conscious of no other sound but her own gentle voice, that he heard her say his passion was reciprocated. Through the many hours of that protracted fete was the measure of Stapp's happiness complete, and he would have felt no bar to the measure of the evening's enjoyment; but as he was leading his lovely charge through the apartment, he suddenly encountered the eye of the lady's father, engaged among a host of princes round the Emperor's presence. There was a look of fierce displeasure in the glance, that terrified his daughter, and intimidated her lover. In his dream of delight he had never once thought of his fictitious rank; but now that scrutinizing gaze which terribly reminded him of the Burschen chief, awoke him to the consequence of his temerity, and above all filled his soul with remorse for the deception which he practised upon the illustrious princess. He had little time, however, for reflection, when the duke approached and with a haughty rudeness took his daughter's hand, and said to Frederick, in a tone of bitter sarcasm, "the Princess of Rodoldstadt will dispense with the attendance of the Baron Von Fuerstein." He only heard the lady whisper, "to-morrow evening," before she was gone from his sight. And Stapps, to relieve himself from the alarming scrutiny which was directed towards him, immediately withdrew.

In his own little chamber, and stripped of his borrowed robes, Frederick had leisure to review the extraordinary events of the evening; and base, and even dangerous, as might have been his conduct, he felt as though he could brave with cheerfulness every consequence in return for the supreme felicity he had experienced. "Yes," said he, after a long interval of various thought, "it is just one month since the soothsayer told me that in that very palace I shou'd see the person who should influence my future life. I have seen that person, and, at every hazard, I will see her again to-morrow night, disclose my real station, and witness the triumph or destruction of my hopes in the reception which the Princess of Rodoldstadt will give to the love of a student." In the choice between the appointment of the Burschens' note and the whispered wish of the girl he loved, Frederick never hesitated an instant, but proceeded in the evening, after an uneasy interval of rest, to the dark groves which surrounded the stately residence of the noblest family in Franconia, and whose lady heiress he presumptuously dared to love. He wandered long through walks decorated with all the elaborate ornaments which art and genius place at the disposal of unbounded wealth. Statues, redolent of life, were scattered like rural deities among the trees, and the sound of water gushing in marble fountains seemed a fitting music for the deep solitude around. "How appropriate," said the romantic youth, "is it that the loveliest of human intelligences should move like a presiding spirit among scenes like these;" and he felt his mind sink under the influence of a profound despondency, when he reflected that the interview he might obtain this evening would probably be his last, since the utter disproportion of his rank checked even the formation of a hope that the descendant of an hundred dukes, and who might look to the highest alliance in the land, would listen for a moment to a tale like his. He was awakened from his reverie by the noiseless approach of the princess herself, whose graceful figure, revealed in that dim and shadowy light, seemed to the enamored student like the ethereal outline of a guardian angel.* His first feeling was to clasp her to his bosom; but the impulse was immediately checked by the train of previous ideas, and her kind and gentle answer to his salutation awakened only a thrill of anguish in his heart, and after an interval of painful silence he could only fall upon his knee, and covering the beautiful hand he held in his with burning tears—entreat her forgiveness. "Why, my dear Frederick?" said she, in a tone of the most winning sweetness. The young man started—his heart seemed to spring from a state of dreary desolation to a life of hope and joy. He sprang to his feet, and gave her hand a warmer clasp, as he said with eagerness, "Are you then acquainted with my fatal secret? and may I dare—" "Don't go into any heroics—I know it all. Suffice it to say, it can make no difference with me whether the man I love wears a baron's robe or a student's gown. You have won my heart, and I care not for your station—" Frederick only heard the words, for the language existed not, that could express his feelings in the tide of rapture and delight and ecstasy which thrilled his frame. But in the fervor of the moment he clasped the unresisting form of the lady to his heart, and covered her trembling lips with passionate kisses. Then, in the delicious enjoyment of the pure and mutual intercourse of the holiest sensation of a mortal state, the youthful lovers vowed to each other a changeless and a lasting constancy. Every enjoyment upon earth is transient; and Frederick was warned by the lady herself of the necessity of his departure, and the strict necessity of the utmost caution in his interview with her; "for," said she, "were the duke but to suspect that you had seen me, your death and my future misery would be the certain consequences of his knowledge. Go, my dear Frederick," continued she; "but take this"—and she threw around his neck a chain of gold with a miniature of herself richly chased with diamonds—"and, wherever

you may be, it will often recall to your mind one who though separated by circumstances is still unalterably and entirely your own." Frederick was too well aware of the deep truth of the remark to endanger the safety of either the princess or himself by disputing it, and he returned to his little room to dream upon the prospects of his exalted love.

In the middle of the night he was awakened by the unceremonious entrance of Theodore Guzmann, who advanced in a tone of much alarm to his bedside. "Frederick," said he, "Frederick, your liberty, and perhaps even your life, too, will be the immediate forfeit of your conduct. How could you, knowing the terrible despotism of the executive of the Burschenschaft, dare their vengeance by disobeying their command to be at the Augustine monastery when the emperor's fete was over? Your interview this night with the princess Louisa is known, and terribly will it be punished by her incensed father. Take this, and if you are in the world to-morrow evening, it depends upon yourself." He flung a purse of gold upon the bed and immediately withdrew. Stapps was too well acquainted with the fearful certainty of his fate to delay for a moment in making his escape, and before the next evening he was far out of the reach of their machinations.

How changeless has been the history of love in every age! Stapps, far removed from the object of his adoration, and conscious how sternly all intercourse was proscribed; aware of the utter improbability that the high-born lady to whom he was attached, and who returned that attachment with all a woman's fondness, would ever be his own, still shrined the flattering idea in his soul, and cherished up the lofty hope of a brighter day. Month after month his only delight was to gaze upon the beautiful features of his "lady love," impressed upon the miniature herself had given, and to revolve a thousand schemes whereby he could once more obtain an interview. At length his uncertainty was removed. A trusty messenger he had dispatched obtained an interview with the princess, and brought him a letter strong in expressions of unchanging constancy, and expressing a warm desire to see him again, but urging the utmost caution, as her father had unalterably determined to take his life should he ever see him more. Undeterred by the relentless hatred which he knew he had incurred, he resolved to brave every risk for the supreme satisfaction of seeing once more his adored Louisa, who, surrounded by all the blandishments of exalted rank and universal homage, could still point the star of hope to the distant and lowly youth. Assuming, therefore, a disguise which would screen him from observation, he set forth to accomplish his object.

A great change had taken place in Germany during the few months of Stapp's absence. Austria, for the third time, had tried her strength with the emperor of the French, and for the third time the triumphant armies of Napoleon had marched from victory to victory o'er her plains. The eagle of the Corsican adventurer had perched upon the hereditary palace of the Western Cæsars, and the house of Hapsburgh tottered on its imperial throne before the victorious genius of a revolutionary soldier. Corresponding was the change in men's circumstances and opinions induced by these mighty events. The fairest portion of the Austrian empire was transferred to the soldiers of France; and the illustrious families of the German heraldry, with one hundred points upon their escutcheons, had to change dominions with fortunate chiefs, who scarcely knew their fathers. None was more deeply affected by these occurrences than the Duke of Rodoldstadt, the haughty father of Louisa. His estates were ravished by the invading armies, and his sovereignty transferred to one of the marshals of Napoleon. Stapps, unaware of the vast extent to which the political relations of the empire were altered, hurried on the wings of love to his destination.

It was evening when he arrived at the forest on the confines of the duke's estate; and with a palpitating heart hastened forward to the scene which contained all that was dear to him on earth. Great was his hor-

* See the beautiful lines of Rogers—

"Now in the glimmering, dying light she grows
Less and less earthly"—

ror on discovering the wide and general devastation that met his view. The ancestral trees which shaded the beautiful walks of Rodoldstadt were torn with shot or black with conflagration; the statues were mutilated or removed, and the marble fountains of former days broken up and dry. The path of the destroyer amid those consecrated scenes was wide and recent; and the anguish of his spirit was complete. Even the very arbor—forever shrined in his memory by the recollection of that brightest moment in his life, when the accents of the loveliest of her sex made his happiness complete—was trampled and destroyed, and not a vestige left of its quiet and secluded beauty. What had become of her to whose presence it owed all its charms, rested upon the mind of the unfortunate youth, and he could not avoid bursting into tears at the sad reverse. He was disturbed in these dismal reflections by the rough voice of a sentinel pacing his rounds, who grounded his arms and loudly demanded “*Qui va là?*” The foreign language and French dress of the soldier gave an instant clue to the whole of the wide destruction, and turned the feelings of the irritated student from melancholy to madness. Springing on the grenadier, before he had even time to think of his defence, he seized him by the throat and ran him through the body twenty times with his *schlager*.^{*} He had hardly regained the wood to make his escape, after this encounter, before his path was crossed by a visitor still more unwelcome. He was a large and athletic man, enveloped in a huge cloak, whom he instantly recognized for the *Haumeister* of the *Burschenschaften*, Stapps, expecting a similar fate to that which he had inflicted upon the French sentinel, prepared for his defence. But he was mistaken. “Stapps,” said he, in a tone of conciliating dignity, altogether different from his former recollections, “you need not be upon your guard. Attend to me.” The student stood with an air of irresolution. “You love the princess Louisa of Rodoldstadt?” “I admit no trifling upon that subject,” was the haughty reply of Stapps. “There need be no reserve with me,” said the stranger, with emphasis; “I know the whole. You are loved in return.” This, to a lover ever delightful information, secured the effectual good graces of the student. “Now attend to me,” said the stranger. “There is no probability of your ever overcoming the opposition of her father.” Stapps acknowledged he had no hope. “Well, hear me,” said the other, and he caught his arm with a vice-like grasp. “You have it in your power to make that girl your own,” he continued, looking earnestly at him for a moment. But he had mistaken his man. Stapps violently disengaged himself, and said with solemn force, “Away, wretch! or your life will forfeit the attempt to make me a confidant in any infamous scheme against the honor of that illustrious lady. Who are you that you dare to propose it?” “THE DUKE OF RODOLDSTADT,” said the stranger. The effect of this disclosure upon Stapps was electric. He stood transfixed for a moment with a thousand indefinable feelings, and then flung himself upon the stranger’s neck. “Name, name,” said he, in an ecstasy of transport, “how I can obtain your inestimable daughter.” “Be calm,” said the duke, disengaging himself; “we may be overheard. Can you brave danger for her sake?” “Any and every danger in the world,” returned the lover with enthusiasm. “Well,” said the duke, “you would not like to have a dowerless bride. Now hear me. Do you see that castle, in which my ancestors have resided for five hundred years? Do you see these broad lands, which have been the heritage of my family since the days of *Woden*? They are mine no longer. The devastating progress of these ruffian invaders has swept them from my grasp. I am now a wanderer—and the forty-five Duke of Rodoldstadt has been turned out of the palace of his fathers to make way for a *Languedoc cowherd*,” and he laughed in bitterness. “Now, Stapps,” said he, taking hold of his arm and grasping it with a violent energy, “I know you are firm—your conduct but a moment ago proves it. Take this dagger—plunge it as deep into the heart of the chief of these miscreant hordes as you have done your own but now into his retainer. You will rid the world of a tyrant, and *Louisa of Rodoldstadt* shall be your bride—a ducal coronet shall circle your brow, and the broadest lands in Franconia shall be her dowry.”[†]

* Every student in Germany carries a short sword or dagger, so called.

† The reader will recollect that in the Russian campaign, the Hetman Platoff made a similar offer of his only daughter’s hand and 200,000 rubles, to any one who would kill Napoleon.

The young man stood irresolute for a moment, gazing at the proffered weapon—and for but a moment. All the bright visions of classic heroes and storied patriotism, the idols of his early fancy, rushed upon his mind. And the thronging rapture of the ineffable reward:—of actually possessing his adored *Louisa*—and as her equal,—with the pictured plaudits of a grateful world, all whirled through his imagination in instant clearness. He grasped the dagger with enthusiastic eagerness, fell upon his knees, and swore by the light of the eternal stars to accomplish the glorious object or perish in the attempt.

The duke marked his feelings with pleasure, and put a heavy purse of gold into his hand. “Here,” said he, “take this; it will overcome all the obstacles of distance and difficulty of approach.” “All I ask,” said Stapps, “is, that you will not tell your daughter what are the conditions on which I am to obtain her; and that you will allow me to see her, that I may bid farewell, perhaps for ever—and he paused thoughtfully—before I set out.” “Yes,” said the duke, giving him his hand, “both are granted—and recollect yourself from whom you received your commission.”

They went away rapidly from the wood; by an old retainer of the family near the forest, they were provided with horses, and were in a short time at the chateau which formed the temporary residence of the exiled family. Words would be weak to describe the flush of every kind of joy which oppressed the heart of Stapps, as once more he felt the certainty of seeing his *Louisa*. She was reclining, when they entered, on sofa:—the pensive melancholy of her features only rendered the faultless beauty of her countenance more exquisitely intellectual: and certainly in that attitude of reposing grace, where every charm of her fine person was half-hidden, half-revealed, and her finished bosom seemed to heave with a softer yet more voluptuous grace, she had never to the enamoured youth seemed half so lovely. The lady did not recognize the muffled Frederick when they came in; and her father spoke, “Louisa, here is a young man who has won my completest confidence, and I have ventured to promise you to him for a bride.” She had no time to express astonishment ere herself and lover were locked in each other’s arms; and the withdrawal of her father relieving the impassioned pair from even the slight constraint of his presence, they gave themselves up to all the full raptures of their cherished and uncontrolled attachment.

It was when the first transports of their pleasure had subsided, and Frederick was congratulating her on the complete removal of all the obstacles before so hazardous, that all the instinctive suspicions of a woman’s love were awakened as to the ominous change in her father’s conduct, and she entreated Stapps to disclose the nature of the mighty service he was to perform, which had wrought such a miraculous alteration on the susceptible point of family alliance, in the haughtiest noble of the German empire. But it was in vain. Stapps only expatiated with delight on the coming time, when all intervening difficulties surmounted, he should spend the rest of his days in happiness with her he loved. “Ah, my dear Frederick,” said she, her soft eyes suffused with tears, “my heart misgives me as to this fatal expedition. Take care that you are not made the doomed emissary of those infamous Illuminati to execute some fatal project which will bring destruction only on yourself. Better, far better, for us to fly to some distant land, where a life of innocence and obscurity will be a thousand times preferable to all the guilty grandeur of successful wickedness. I know but too well that my father is at the head of those detested fanatics,” and the affectionate girl sobbed aloud. The softened assassin strained her to his heart, and kissed away the scalding tears, as they rolled down her delicate cheeks. “No, my darling *Louisa*, I am not going upon any villainous or execrable mission. I am going on an errand which will rank my name with the immortalized deliverers of the world: I am going on the most glorious project ever delegated to man. I am guided in my perilous task by the light of love, and cheered by the wishes of thousands interested in my success.” His impassioned manner and enthusiastic ideas seemed to flash an instant conviction of the truth upon her mind. She turned deadly pale. Pushing him back with both her hands, and looking earnestly in his face, she exclaimed in agony, “I know it—you go to assass—” Stapps, greatly alarmed by the near discovery of his fatal secret, caught her in his arms and covered her blanched and quivering lips with fervid kisses—then uttered a wild farewell, and rushed out of her presence.

He waited not a moment, but, bounding on the ready charger at the door, sped at a furious gallop towards Vienna.

Yes, it was in the splendid capital of the Western Empire, which never before had witnessed a hostile prince within its walls,* that the conquering Napoleon had quartered the legions of France; and from the very palace of Schonbrunn had announced to Europe the degradation of his rival.

When Stapps, from the heights of Rosenberg, beheld that poetic scene, described by every tourist as unrivaled, where a vast extent of the richest territory, bounded only by the Alps and distant kingdoms, is crowned by the gorgeous city of the German Cæsars, which seems to rise like a queen from amid the waters of the lordly Danube, whose golden tide rolls beneath the eye through storied scenes of enchanting beauty till they melt in distance; he felt a bursting joy that his arm was soon to strike the blow which would dash the insulting tri-color from those glittering domes, and restore the fertile scenes before him to happiness and peace. He soon arrived in Vienna, and learned, to his mortification, that the French Emperor would not be seen in public for at least a week, when he was expected to review his whole army on the plains of Schonbrunn.

Early on the morning of the 23d October the determined Stapps, having previously provided himself with a petition to present the Emperor, accompanied the thousands who thronged to see the imposing pageant. Fully determined upon his purpose, he pushed on to the height which the Emperor was expected to occupy, and there had leisure to witness a spectacle more magnificent than ever the monarchs of the ancient world had power to assemble. The vast plain was covered with near two hundred thousand men, superbly equipped, and exhibiting in their regulated movements an example of that perfect discipline which had rendered the French soldiers the conquerors of Europe.

At the command of the reviewing officers, the whole of the vast body retreated and advanced, as if their motions were the simultaneous result of some stupendous engine. Stapps forgot every thing but admiration, as he marked the consummate regularity of the extended evolutions. But every other feeling was soon centered in the absorbing object of his soul, when the Emperor himself, accompanied by a brilliant staff of sword-ennobled warriors, who had filled the world with their renown, galloped on the field. Never was scene so calculated to impress the mind with the greatness of a single man. The instant he approached the music of ten thousand instruments swelled upon the air, in the sublime strains of the national anthem, which the first musician in the world had composed to celebrate his praise.† As he rode rapidly along the saluting files, the uncovered officers stepped forward, and the golden eagles of the several corps were lowered to the ground, in glorious homage to the exalted genius who had so often led them on to victory.

The celebrated man, who was the soul and center of the mighty mass of movements, proceeded through every square, and cohort, and battalion, with the calm and regardless air of one accustomed to habitual reverence, and himself the most simply dressed of all the decorated thousands round; but that very plainness giving a splendor to his authority, more touching and more palpable than all the gorgeous trappings of impotent magnificence. When he stopped his horse within a few paces of the spot where Stapps was standing, the whole soul of the enthusiast awoke to an awful sense of the supreme importance with which, for that mighty moment, he was invested by his character of assassin, when he looked upon the sublime array around, stretching in glittering files into distance—the air vibrating with the clangor of pealing music and the thunder of artillery, and the sunbeam flashing in ten thousand bursts of light from the accoutrements of the countless warriors before him—he felt an overpowering sense of the destiny slumbering in his arm, and, though he did not shrink or feel the less determined, a mist of confusion covered his faculties, and he lost all com-

* The capture of Vienna by the Turks, in 1683, was, it is well known, prevented by the terrible battle under its walls, in which they were totally defeated by John Sobieski, king of Poland.

† “Vive l’Empereur,” by Haydn, which Napoleon had composed in emulation of the celebrated English anthem, “God save the King;” and, while it is more effective as a musical composition, it fully equals the sublime simplicity and beauty of the admired original, which was given him for a model.

manding consciousness in the idea that every eye was centered on his movements.

Napoleon was too deeply engaged in conversation with the Prince of Neuchâtel and General Rapp to be easily approached, and Stapps, trembling between anxiety to accomplish his object, and fear lest he should be unable, displayed an air so confused, that he attracted the notice of the chief of the staff, who ordered him to deliver his petition to Rapp, aid-de-camp for the day. This was the moment for the Burschen's dagger. "I want the Emperor—I want Napoleon," he cried with eagerness, and drawing out the glittering weapon, he rushed forward to plunge it in his victim's heart.* The powerful arm of Berthier stayed in an instant the threatened blow; and the next moment, pinioned, and a prisoner, the disappointed regicide was conducted by two officers of *gens d'armes* off the field. It was then, in the inevitable reality of his fate, that the visions of fanatical enthusiasm, which thronged his mind since the interview with the Duke of Rodoldstadt, were dissipated first and for ever; but a sterner feeling took their place. Then, and then only, he paused to reflect upon the dashed and ruined prospects of happiness he had dared to build. He felt that the bond which connected him with the haughty and unfeeling duke, was, by his failure, not only severed, but would render him an object of unceasing hatred to that powerful and malicious man; and, most of all, when he thought of Louisa, the beautiful, the pure, and compared her with himself, a guilty and degraded wretch, he resolved, in the reckless composure of complete despair, to court and to meet a fate which would be forever an atonement to himself for his love, and to the world for his guilt.

Fortified by these angry reflections, when he was left alone in the solitary prison of the castle, he gave way to no feeling but absolute resignation. He took from his bosom the miniature of the Princess—and he threw the purse given by her father on the bed beside it: in the gold he saw a pledge of the dark intrigue which the detested duke lighted him to destruction with the torch of hope, and in the other a memorial of the fondest affection which ever blessed a mortal; and he gazed at them alternately, with silent but with pungent feelings. His warm love predominated: he pressed the miniature to his lips. "Yes," said he, all the fervor of his early recollections thronging on his mind, "yes, thou dearest, thou most perfect of created intelligences! I will not disgrace the sacredness of thy love with the contamination of my guilt—I will expiate my guilt; and thou shalt never know any thing of Frederick Stapps but his pure and his devoted love."

He was interrupted by the opening of his prison door, and two general officers entered. The grand cord of the legion of honor, on the breast, proclaimed their superior rank. They were Duroc, Duke of Friuli, and grand master of the palace, and Rapp, aid-de-camp of the Emperor. They seemed struck with his appearance—that finely formed countenance, those intellectual features had about them nothing of the assassin—and contemplated his employment a moment in silence. At length Rapp asked him in German, "What is your name?" Stapps had made up his mind. "I'll tell it only to the Emperor." "What did you intend to do with the dagger found upon you?" "That I will tell only to Napoleon." "Did you mean to assassinate him?" "I did," returned Stapps, with peculiar emphasis. "Why?" "I will tell it only to himself."

He found the opportunity he wished. Napoleon, informed by the generals of his stern avowal, and his calm determination, ordered the young enthusiast to be brought before him in his closet. He was conducted thither by Bernadotte, Prince of Ponte Corvo. It was a large room, very richly furnished; at a table, covered with a cloth of crimson and gold, and on which lay a number of papers, sat the Emperor. He was dressed in the simple uniform of the national guard, forever immortalized by his use, and different from the splendid dignitaries of the empire around, who were covered with decorations, he wore only on his breast the eagle star which had blazed in victory on an hundred fields. Stapps, awed by the presence of the majesty of the man's unrivaled genius, bowed low as he entered. Napoleon gave him one of those searching glances, as if he would read into his soul, of which his piercing eye was so capable; but his calm and unimpassioned countenance was slightly disconcerted when he saw his look returned by an eye haughty as his own. "Parlez vous

Franois?" "Tres peu, Monsieur," was all the answer. The Emperor seemed disappointed, and desired Rapp to interrogate him in German. "What is your name?" said the general. "Frederick Stapps."—"Where were you born?" "In Naumburg." "What is your father?" "A Protestant minister." The Emperor seemed still more dissatisfied and uneasy: he continued eyeing the prisoner some time, taking large pinches of snuff—his constant practice when greatly irritated. He at length said, with a searching look, "You are mad, young man!—You are an *Iluminato*." The countenance of Frederick betrayed no emotion. "I am not mad," he replied; "I know not what is meant by an *Iluminato*." "You are sick, then," said the Emperor, determined to assign a reason, if he could not force one from his prisoner. "I am not sick," returned Stapps, resolved neither to give him any satisfaction nor a clue to find it; "on the contrary, I am in good health." Napoleon, extremely disconcerted, continued, "Why, then, did you wish to assassinate me?" "Because," said the modern Brutus, "you have caused the misfortunes of my country." "Have I done you any harm?" returned the Emperor, in a conciliatory tone, as if endeavoring to soften down his sternness. "No more harm to me than to all Germans."

The Emperor was greatly disconcerted by the firmness of the undaunted youth. How singular is the composition of the human mind. The brightest intellects seem formed of extremes. Napoleon the Great, who chained victory to his car, and added a fifth great monarchy to the lists of history, saw at that moment how feeble was the adhesion of the mighty fabric he had raised, and trembled in the presence of a fanatical stripling, as he thought how near his arm had been dashing the whole to pieces. He remained silent and thoughtful for a time; and, as if thinking upon Alexander's generals, he seemed to cast a distrustful glance on the powerful and ambitious chiefs who were standing confounded and amazed beside him, and then, as if willing to rid his mind of its apprehensions, by extorting from the youth that he had some other instigation than the fervid patriotism he had avowed, he addressed him again. "You are a wild enthusiast," said he; "you will ruin your family. I am willing to grant your life if you ask pardon for the crime which you intended to commit, and for which you ought to be sorry." "I will ask no pardon for an attempt, as to which my only regret is that it did not succeed." The young man stood still, his countenance calm, but evincing an iron resolution. Napoleon's glance evidenced vexation rather than anger at such, to a monarch, terrible avowal. He asked harshly, as if wishing to extort the motive to which he wished of all others to ascribe his attempt, "By whom were you sent? Who instigated you to this crime?" "Nobody," said Stapps, with firmness; "I determined to take your life, from the conviction that I should thereby render the greatest service to my country and to Europe."

The fine, statue-like features of the Emperor grew colorless as he became absorbed in thought. He wished, in the presence of his generals, to place the attempt of the assassin to any other cause but that which he avowed; and continued his examination much to their surprise. "Is this the first time you ever saw me?" "No," said Stapps, "I saw you at Erfurth at the time of the interview;" and his recollection of the dark truth of the soothsayer's prediction, so terribly different from the interpretation of his brilliant hopes, overcast his countenance with the first gloom he had evinced during the conversation. Napoleon, with a characteristic quickness, observed his emotion, and asked, "Did you then intend to assassinate me?" "No—no," said the youth, partly overcome by the far different recollection that it was to him he was indebted for his memorable interview with Louisa, "I was then one of your warmest admirers." "What then induced you to attempt my life?" "Destiny," said Stapps, in a moment of forgetfulness, caused by the warm rush of his associations; but instantly recollecting himself, he added, "and the hope of relieving my country from a tyrant." "I tell you again," said Napoleon, in a tone of irritation, "you are either mad or sick." "Neither one nor the other," said Stapps. But the Emperor, as if to force a corroboration of the only thought that gave him ease, ordered Corvisart, his physician, to be called. "Feel that, young man's pulse," said he, "he is deranged." As the finger of the physician touched his wrist, he looked at him with much interest and curiosity; but he saw nothing in his countenance that spoke of madness, and felt nothing in his pulse that indicated disease. Stapps, as he watched the physician's countenance, exclaimed, in a triumphant tone, as the doctor

remarked to his majesty, "He is in good health," "I told you so: nothing whatever ails me."

The Emperor, in his complete discomposure, applied frequently to his snuff-box, and walked with his hands behind him thoughtfully up and down the apartment; but with the consummate knowledge of human nature, for which he was remarkable, he tried to obtain the information for which he wished, by taking his mysterious prisoner in another and unguarded point.—"Whose portrait is that which you wear around your neck?" Even here the firmness of Stapps did not give way. But had his feelings not been locked in the desperation of despair, they must have melted at an appealing question which still stirred his heart; yet he strove to master his feelings, and replied with a calmness he could but ill assume, "It is the portrait of a young lady to whom I am attached." Napoleon observed the innate struggle as he spoke, and probed him deeper on the point. "She will be very much distressed to hear of the unhappy situation in which you are placed." But Stapps had recovered his self-possession. "She will regret to hear that I have not succeeded: she detests you as much as I do."

The Emperor, utterly disconcerted, tried him once more on the innate love of life, inherent in every heart. "Would you not be grateful if I were to pardon you?" "I would not," said Frederick, now aroused to the full value of death to him; "I would only attempt it again if I were able."

Napoleon was confounded. The student's youth—his firmness—his determination—made a deep impression on his mind. He ordered the prisoner to be led away; and though he strove, he was unable to obliterate the uneasy sensations from his mind, which this extraordinary scene had caused. That attempt at assassination, futile as it was, opened his mind, by its daring and reckless character, to the volcano on which he stood, and made him feel almost the bloody fruit of a hundred battles melt from his grasp, before the more pervading influence of the young enthusiasm and public opinion he had arrayed against his ambition and himself. He entered into a deep conversation with his generals on this subject; and insisted it was the "Iluminati" who were at the bottom of the whole. The generals departed; and the Emperor when alone strove to banish the mastering uneasiness which this adventure had conjured up within him; but he was unable. He knew strong political enemies to his power were in existence, and he despised them; but he never dreamt that the innate workings of a nation's pride could arouse a spirit so daring as the young student had just evinced; and he chose, even in spite of his conviction, rather to fasten the imputation on some of his royal foes—the defeat of whose machinations would only seat him firmer in his empire—than place it to the influence of a power which, unseen & unsubdued, was mighty enough to make him shake and tremble on his lofty throne. In the perturbation of his spirit he called back his aide-de-camp. "Rapp," said he, "the event of this morning is very extraordinary. This attempt arises from the plots of Weimar and of Jena. If I could fix on its authors, I would seize them in the very midst of their court." "No, Sire," returned the intelligent general, "none of your majesty's political opponents have instigated this; it is only the eccentric outburst of the fanatical enthusiasm so prevalent in Germany." "No, no," said the Emperor rapidly, "I can never believe that this youth, a German, well educated, respectable, and a Lutheran—would ever attempt such a crime as this from the sole excitement of national wrong. No, Rapp," said he, "those women—women are capable of anything"—and he dashed a paper, which in his excitement he had been tearing into little pieces, angrily on the table, and walked up and down the apartment in great agitation. At last he stopped suddenly, and said with energy, "Rapp, let him die—his conduct at the last stage of existence will solve the riddle—his demeanor then will show whether he is an enthusiast or an assassin. Report me the proceedings."

But Stapps was not the one whose conduct in such a time could display any equivocal symptoms. Those who have ever felt the destruction of some cherished hope, and experienced the withering sterility of heart which follows, may conceive with what feelings he looked upon a life from which every ray of joy had been excluded, and which, had its perpetuity been his own, would have imaged forth nothing but darkness on his reason, and desolation on his senses. Yet still there is an agony in the efforts of expiring consciousness which gifts the intellect, ere it is obscured for ever, with the momentary firmness of its brightest efforts.

* In this circumstance I have preferred following the history of Sir Walter Scott. All the other particulars of this extraordinary attempt are taken from the accurate memoirs of General Rapp, who was a witness of the whole transaction.

It was this which endowed the student with the calmness which had enabled him to elude and baffle the well-founded suspicions of Napoleon, and secured for him and his lofty patriotism, the pity, and even admiration of his generals. This feeling was increased, when Rapp, in pursuance of his instructions, learned from the orderly who attended him, that he had utterly refused all sustenance since his confinement; and the general, touched by his heroism, resolved to make an effort to have him saved. He found him seated in his lonely room, gazing upon that portrait, whose associated recollections had become organized in his heart; and his beautiful countenance, though pale with fasting, wore an expression of deep interest which affected the general with the sincerest sympathy. "Young man," said he, in a conciliating tone, "why do you not take some sustenance?" "I shall be strong enough to walk to the place of execution," was all the answer the prisoner vouchsafed to give. Not discouraged, he asked again, "Why did you not express some contrition to the Emperor, and save a life which must prove a joy to some?" Stapps smiled in bitterness:—"I detest my life—it is worthless now since I have survived your Emperor." "But what could have induced you to embark in such an enterprise, infamous in its success, and destructive in its failure?" "MYSELF," returned the youth, with all his energy; "I have failed, and I am content to suffer even the glorious penalty of the attempt, when success would have conferred, not the disgraceful celebrity of Erostatus, but the universal homage of the deified Aristogiton." "But," said the generous officer, still endeavoring to win him back to reason—"But!" returned Stapps, with a tone of haughty coldness; "I want no arguments. It is your duty to command my death—it is sufficient for me that I am ready!" The general left him with manifest reluctance; and with regret he was unable to conceal, gave the order for his execution; and, willing to afford him every comfort which his uncompromising reserve would admit of, he directed a clergyman, of the persuasion of which he had avowed himself, to inform him of his fate.

In the conscious hours of closing life, there is an indefinite something which makes the spirit shrink within itself, as if in dread of its approaching change, and leaves a sense of loneliness and weakness in the boldest heart, which no feeling of earth can fill; and thus Frederick, though at first distrustful and reserved, soon gave way to the winning kindness of a man who strove to wean him from a world he so bitterly detested; and having first charged the minister to secrecy by the solemn adjuration of a dying man, he told him all the history of his early and devoted love—of its pure and warm return—of his fearful initiation in the vaults of the Burschen—the proposal of the Duke—the manner in which he had deceived Napoleon and his officers into the idea of his being a self-instigated enthusiast, and his determination never to reveal the real cause which made him attempt the assassination. The good man was affected even to tears by the recital. But the doomed prisoner grew only more nervously animated, and concluded the story with a bitterness which struck the clergyman with awe. "Yes, I have deceived them all—I envy not Napoleon on his throne of prostrate nations. I have been instigated by the wretches he suspects—but!—the reward!"—and he pressed the picture to his heart. "It was base to mingle such a purity of recompense with the foul transaction. The world shall live in its illusion. Let my name go down the stream of time as a fanatic and an assassin—but, oh! do you tell me ever dear Louisa, that I die the victim only of my love." He could not weep; but, like the petrified droppings of the cave, the tears, which his frozen feelings refused to anguish and despair, fell cold and dreary on his heart; and he remained, in spite of all the endeavors of the worthy minister, resolute in his refusal of every comfort.

The following day the officers found Stappa weak and wasted, but as haughty and as proud as ever. When they led him out to meet his fate, the fresh air of a lovely autumnal morning, as it breathed upon his emaciated features, revived the sinking life within him, but only added firmness to his step, and fierceness to his look. When he arrived at the place of execution, he surveyed the few and fearful preparations for his death with an unflinching eye. As he passed the file of soldiers, who, resting on their grounded arms, viewed him with interest and compassion, he shouted "Germany for ever!"—and he walked up to the open grave, and kneeling down beside his empty coffin, said, even joyously, "I am ready." The provost-marshal did not

let him suffer long from the torture of delay. He refused to let his eyes be bandaged; and when he heard the word "Make ready!" he shrieked "Liberty for ever!"—"Present!" he shouted "Death to the tyrant!" but at the fatal "Fire!" his hand instinctively clasped the cherished portrait closer to his heart, and if the name of Louisa trembled on his lips, the loud report which followed, and the simultaneous gush of his life-blood, prevented its ever being heard.

The moral of this wondrous story will be found in history. The ineffective attempt of that visionary student produced a marked influence upon the politics of Europe.

Believing himself under the control of that resistless destiny which had elevated him from the peasant's lot to the throne of the Bourbons, and a Cæsar's sway, Napoleon's mind was deeply tinged with superstition; and the startling vision of the assassin's dagger at his heart, eclipsed the conqueror's mind with a spectral darkness in his full blaze of glory.

What stayed the victor's arm when his helpless foe was prostrate at his feet?—what loosened the iron bands of the continental system when the terrible power to enforce it was more dread than ever? and, could we dive deeper into the secret springs of cause, we might ask—what allied the Corsican subaltern with a daughter of the house Hapsburgh? and answer—It was the bloodless dagger of the Erfurth student.

Then, among the mighty influences of unrecorded destiny, what name is more pregnant with stupendous thought than Frederick Stappa; and what history will excite a deeper wonder than the reckless attempt of the noble but unfortunate STOCK-AM-EISEN?

ORCATIUS.

Rapp's Memoirs perfectly justify us in ascribing the unusual moderation of Napoleon at the treaty of Schonbrunn—and even the subsequent events—to the effect produced on his mind by the attempt of Stappa. That intelligent officer describes it as most impressive. For many days he remained thoughtful and reserved, frequently recurring to the subject, and making many inquiries as to its probable causes, as produced by the tenor of his administration.

BIOGRAPHY.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF FRANCIS HUBER.

BY A. P. DE CANDOLLE.

(Continued.)

We have seen the blind shine as poets, and distinguish themselves as philosophers and calculators; but it was reserved for Huber to give a lustre to his class in the sciences of observation, and on objects so minute that the most clear sighted observer can scarcely distinguish them. The reading of the works of Reaumur and Bonnet, and the conversation of the latter, directed his curiosity to the history of bees. His habitual residence in the country inspired him with the desire, first of verifying some facts, then of filling some blanks in their history; but this kind of observation required not only the use of such an instrument as the optician must furnish, but an intelligent assistant, who alone could adjust it to its use.

He had a servant named Francis Burmens, remarkable for his sagacity and for the devotion which he bore to his master. Huber practised him in the art of observation, directed him in his researches by questions adroitly combined, and aided by the recollections of his youth and by the testimonials of his wife and friends, he rectified the assertions of his assistant, and became enabled to form in his own mind a true and perfect image of the minutest facts. I am much more certain, said he one day to me, smiling, of what I state, than you are, for you publish what your own eyes only have seen, while I take the mean among many witnesses. This is doubtless very plausible reasoning, but it will hardly render any one mistrustful of his own eyes!

He discovered that the nuptials, so mysterious and so remarkably fruitful of the queen bee, the only mother of the tribe, never take place in the hive, but always in the open air, and at such an elevation as to escape ordinary observation—but not the intelligence of a blind man, aided by a peasant. He gives a detailed account of the consequences of the early and the late periods of this aerial hymen. He confirmed, by multiplied observations, the discovery of Schirach, until then disputed, that bees can transform, at pleasure, the eggs of working bees into queens, by appropriate food; or, to speak more precisely, neuters into females; he showed also

how certain working bees are able to lay fertile eggs. He described with much care the combats of queen bees with each other, the massacre of drones, and all the singular occurrences which take place in a hive when a strange queen is introduced as a substitute for the natural queen. He showed the influence which the dimensions of the cells exert upon the shape of the insects which proceed from them—he related the manner by which the larvæ spin the silk of their cocoons; he proved demonstratively that the queen is oviparous; he studied the origin of swarms, and was the first who gave a rational and accurate history of those flying colonies. He proved that the use of the antennæ is to allow the bees to distinguish each other, and from the intimate knowledge he had acquired of their policy, he prescribed excellent rules for their economical administration. The greater number of these delicate observations, and which had escaped his predecessors, were due to his invention of various forms of glass hives. One of these, which he called the book or leaf hive, and another which he denominated the flat hive, permitted him to observe the labors of the community in their minutest details, and to follow each bee in its operations.

They were greatly facilitated by the skill of Burmens and by his zeal in the search of truth; he braved, without hesitation, the anger of a whole hive, in order to discover the least fact, and he would seize an enormous wasp's nest, in spite of the painful attacks of the whole horde which defended it. We may judge from this of the enthusiasm which his master, (and I here employ the term in the sense, not of the relation of a master to his domestic, but of that of an instructor to his pupil,) we may judge, I say, of the enthusiasm in favor of truth or fact, with which Huber was able to inspire his agents.

The publication of these works took place in 1792, in the form of letters to Ch. Bonnet, and under the title of "Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles." This work made a strong impression on many naturalists, not only from the novelty of the facts, but from their rigorous exactness, and the singular difficulty against which the author had struggled with so much ability. Most of the Academies of Europe, (and especially the Academy of Sciences of Paris) admitted Huber from time to time, among their associates;—the poet Delille celebrated his blindness and his discoveries, and from this time he was placed in the first rank among the most skilful, I was going to say, the most clear sighted observers.

The activity of his researches was relaxed neither by this early success, which might have satisfied his self-love, nor by the embarrassments which he suffered in consequence of the revolution, nor even by a separation from his faithful Burmens. Another assistant of course became necessary. His first substitute was his wife; then his son, Pierre Huber, who began from that time to acquire a just celebrity in the history of the economy of ants, and various other insects, commenced his apprenticeship as an observer, in assisting his father. It was principally by his assistance that he made new and laborious researches relative to his favorite insects. They form the second volume of the second edition of his work, published in 1814, which was edited in part by his son.

The origin of the wax was, at that time, a point in the history of bees much disputed by naturalists. By some it was asserted, though without sufficient proof, that it was fabricated by the bee from the honey. Huber, who had already happily cleared up the origin of the *propolis*, confirmed this opinion with respect to the wax by numerous observations, and showed very particularly, with the aid of Burmens, how it escaped in a laminated form from between the rings of the abdomen. He instituted laborious researches to discover how the bees prepare it for their edifices; he followed step by step the whole construction of those wonderful hives, which seem, by their perfection, to resolve the most delicate problem of geometry; and he assigned to each class of bees the part it takes in this construction, and traced their labors from the rudiments of the first cell to the completed perfection of the comb. He made known the ravages which the *Sphixiz atropos* produces in the hives into which it insinuates itself; he even endeavored to unravel the history of the senses of bees, and especially to examine the seat of the sense of smell, the existence of which is proved by the whole history of these insects, while the situation of the organ had never been determined with any certainty. Finally, he prosecuted a curious research into the respiration of bees. He proved by many experiments that bees consume oxygen gas like other animals. But how can

the air become renewed, and preserve its purity, in a hive plastered with cement, and closed on all sides except at the narrow orifice which serves for a door? This problem demanded all the sagacity of our observer, and he at length ascertained that the bees, by a particular movement of their wings, agitated the air in such a way as to effect its renovation;—and having assured himself of this by direct observation, he further proved its correctness by means of artificial ventilation.

These experiments on respiration required some analysis of the air of hives, and this circumstance brought Huber into connection with Sennebier, who was much engaged in analogous researches with respect to vegetables. Among the means which Huber had conceived for ascertaining the nature of the air of hives, was that of causing certain seeds to germinate in it, founded on a vague opinion that seeds will not sprout in air much deprived of oxygen. This experiment, imperfect as it respects the direct object in view, united the two friends in the engagement of pursuing their researches into the nature of germination, and a curious fact with respect to this association between a blind man and one of clear vision, is, that more frequently it was Sennebier who suggested the experiments and Huber that performed them. Their works have been published in their joint names, under the title of "*Memoirs on the influence of Air in the Germination of Seeds.*" They fully demonstrated the necessity of oxygen gas in germination, the impossibility of success in a medium deprived of free oxygen, and the formation of carbonic acid, by the combination of this oxygen with the carbon of the grain. This work, conceived principally by Sennebier and edited by him, has but little of the impress of Huber, and it is evident that in separating himself from his loved bees, he took less interest in other researches.

This perseverance of a whole life in a given object is one of the characteristic traits of Huber, and probably one of the causes of his success. Naturalists are divided from taste, and often from position, into two series,—the one love to embrace the *tout ensemble* of beings, to compare them with each other, to seize the relations of their organization, and to deduce from them their classification and the general laws of nature. It is this class who have necessarily at their disposal vast collections, and they mostly dwell in large cities; the others take pleasure in the profound study of a given subject, considering it under all its aspects, scrutinizing into its minute details, and patiently following it in all its peculiarities:—the latter are generally sedentary and isolated observers, living remote from collections, and far from great cities. The former may be charged with the neglect of details in consequence of their attention to extensive generalities. The second, from being circumscribed in a limited circle, may be disposed to exaggerate its importance, and hence to judge incorrectly of the connection of parts in the entire series. But such mutual accusations are in reality idle. Natural history requires both these classes, in the same manner as the architect stands in need of the stone cutter for the preparation of his materials, and the stone cutter requires the science of the architect in the construction of the well planned edifice.

Huber is evidently to be placed in the school of special observers; his situation and infirmity retained him in it, and he acquired therein an honorable rank by the sagacity and precision of his researches; but it is plainly perceptible, in reading his works, that his brilliant imagination urged him toward the region of general ideas. Unprovided with terms of comparison, he sought them in that theory of final causes which is gratifying to every expanded and religious mind, because it appears to furnish a reason for a multitude of facts, the employment of which, however, as is well known, is prone to lead the mind into error; but we must do him the justice to acknowledge, that the use he makes of them is always confined within the limits of philosophical doubt and observation. He had, in early life, derived ideas of this general nature from the *Natural Theology* of Derham, and from the writings of his friend Ch. Bonnet; they found a ready reception in his sensitive and elevated soul, which loved to admire the author of nature in the harmony of his works.

(To be concluded in our next.)

INTEGRITY.—In all things preserve integrity; the consciousness of thy own uprightness will alleviate the toil of business, soften the harshness of ill success and disappointments, and give thee an humble confidence before God, when the ingratitude of man, or the iniquity of the time may rob thee of other due reward.

BUFFALO LYCEUM.

LECTURE

ON LIFE AND DEATH.

Delivered before the Lyceum, on Monday Evening, March 25.

BY C. D. FERRIS.

(Concluded from our last Number.)

All organized bodies are composed of an union of various materials, moulded into proper form and proportions, some fluid, others solid, many porous, and requiring a certain degree of flexibility, through which the substances necessary for the growth and health of the body must be conveyed. These fluids are mixed with many substances not only foreign to their nature, and useless to the system, but even injurious to the organic life. Consequently, these bodies, gathering in quantities, obstruct the passages of the vital fluids, corrode the canals through which they are conveyed, render the vessels and fibres stiff and rigid, prevent the performance of the several functions, and eventually produce death, if some more sudden disarrangement has not anticipated such a result. Hence death is as universal as life, dissolution as certain as organization; and it is, therefore, an universal law of nature, can be eventually avoided by no possible means, and must be suffered by all animated beings. Before this could be prevented, or escaped, the very character of matter must be changed, the order of nature reversed, and, in fact, all the harmony and regularity, nay, the very existence of the universe destroyed.

Bodies, while living, are retained in their form and functions by this power, denominated life, which, preserving the cohesion of the particles that compose them, resists the elective affinity surrounding substances have for their molecule, prevents their decomposition, and never ceases to exert this power to the moment of death. When this reacting cohesive principle of connection is destroyed, the chemical attraction of neighboring bodies for the elements of their substance, produces their decomposition. The effects of the power constituting existence are carried beyond the mere surfaces of bodies, as is evident from their continued absorption of new matter, which is converted to the composition of their organic systems; at least, the force which attracts new particles to deposit between those already constituting the body, is no less constant than its efforts to preserve the union of those of which it already consists. But nature having assigned limits or boundaries to all things which can not be passed, its dimensions are not indefinitely increased, and hence to preserve the equilibrium and prevent the transgression of those bounds, a constant evaporation takes place at the surface, which carries off superfluous matter, and thus they part with in one manner a portion of what they receive in another; hence there is a constant and continued motion of matter, from the interior to the exterior, of all living bodies; and by absorption and respiration, from the external to the internal parts; which motion or transmission is regular and constant. This motion appears to be, or at least marks the presence of life, for we know that when it stops, the body ceases to exist, and that while there is internal motion, there is also life. This motion is communicated from parents to their offspring from one generation to another, and thus are the several species continued by successive propagation.

In the early stages of existence there is an excess of life. Its reaction in the animated body being greater than the action of surrounding substances, the body enlarges in dimensions, and the activity and ardor peculiar to this period of life, mark the exuberant spirit of the principle which actuates it. In middle age they are nearly in equilibrio; hence the steady calmness and sedate regularity of this stage of existence. In old age this reaction of the powers of life diminishes, while the influence of external agents remains the same; hence debility and feebleness are the natural consequences, and death the final result.

"Origin by generation, growth by nutrition, termination by death, are characteristics of all organized bodies." That there are many possessing no other properties or organs than those necessary for these objects, and the accomplishment of these ends, like a tree attached to the spot where it grows, receiving by means of its roots the nutritive properties necessary for its sustenance, from the soil where it flourishes, which is transmitted through the trunk and branches, to be incorporated with the body, or evaporated at the surface, whose absorptions and transmissions being the only motions of which it is susceptible, are constant and regular, unless enfeebled by age, interrupted by drought or arrested by sterility, and whose existence is but one continued scene of tranquil inactivity; is not more true than that there are numerous species possessing, in addition to these common properties, peculiar modifications, performing particular functions, and exercising particular powers, by means of particular organs. Hence the division of living bodies into animate and inanimate classes. One grand mark of distinction between the two is the power of voluntary motion, generally possessed by the former, and of which the latter are entirely destitute. This power enables the former class, as in case of all animals, to extend the effects of their existence beyond themselves, to operate on the substances which surround them, to satisfy their

appetites, and perform the various operations, which common observation points out as peculiar to animate existences. Compare two bodies, the one animate and the other inanimate, observe the properties, and note the phenomena of each. The one springs into existence, grows and dies; attached to the spot which gave it birth, it possesses only the functions necessary to the consummation of these objects. But the other unites to this, an external existence, which establishes numerous relations with other objects, connects itself by many ties and affections with other beings, and enables it to advance or recede when impelled by desire or startled by fear. By the former, a perpetual assimilation to itself of matter, by means of the functions common to all organized bodies, is continually progressing, as in them. By the latter, it becomes sensible of the existence of other matter, receives impressions of objects, sensation is produced, and voluntary motion, as it is termed, is excited or generated. The reception of nutrition, its digestion, separation, and transmission, in various fluids, by numerous canals, to all the several parts of the system, respiration, absorption, secretion, and circulation, are organic functions. On these depend the passions, which are organic impulses. But the senses are animal functions, not necessary to existence. As the organic functions are constant in their operation, so continued action in them is absolutely necessary to life; to stop these motions is death, and their cessation a sure prelude to dissolution. They are susceptible of partial or general cessation—partial, when any part of them, fatigued by activity, ceases its action, to refresh by repose, and recruit by rest its exhausted powers, that it may be enabled again to perform its operations, and execute the task for which it is fitted by its peculiar conformation and location. One part of the animal functions may, therefore, cease to exert itself, and take repose, while the remainder are perfectly active; hence one member of the animal organs may be so injured, as to destroy its power and arrest its functions entirely and for ever, and yet the general system be healthy, and all the other powers and functions perfect and regular. When all the senses at the same time take repose, as they usually do, it constitutes what we term sleep.

Man, standing proudly at the head of animated existences, possesses in a most remarkable degree of perfection, both the animal and organic life. By the great variety of the organs constituting his physical system, the admirable method of their arrangement, and the beauty and harmony of their combinations and connections, the functions of which they are capable are more numerous, and his powers and sphere of action consequently more enlarged. Hence the relations established between himself and neighboring objects, embrace a wider field of attachments, are more extended in their applications, and more varied in their operations. In him the organic existence, in its intimate association with animal life, is more ramified in its structure, more intricate in its arrangements, more varied in its exercises, and more extended in its results; hence more easily injured and more liable to derangement. On his organic existence depends his physical temperament, his passions, his moral character, and his dispositions. As the delicate operation of these organic functions are necessarily variable, so are his passions inconstant and his dispositions changeable. These are more ardent and vacillating in youth, more vigorous and strong in the full development of the system, in manhood, grow feeble and weak with the approach of age, and are annihilated by death; but exhibit the same disposition through life, every period of which is marked by the same peculiar inclinations, and the same particular character. The operations of the organic functions are as perfect at birth as at any other stage of life, and their connections with one another the same. But original defect in some particular section of the system, or the more perfect development of some particular one, or part, may give one function predominance over the remainder, originate a corresponding temperament, and thus lay the foundation and constitute the outlines of a particular character. Not so with the functions of the animal life. These require, as it were, a sort of apprenticeship to complete their development, and arrive only by degrees to that minute accuracy and perfection, which in the sequel they usually exhibit. General impressions of images only, are at first perceived; comparison commences; gradually these impressions become less vivid, by constant habit, and particular sensations are perceived. Thus, for instance, a person holding a beautiful painting, is at first only conscious of a pleasing whole, in the combination and union of light and shade, or the judicious arrangement of the group. Continued observation, however, enables him to analyze or separate the parts, examining the relations of each, and scrutinize and admire in detail the several divisions of the piece, which only pleased him as a whole on the first examination.

The gradual progress or education of the brain, resembles that of the senses in a great degree. Perception, memory, and imagination, which are always directed by sensation, become enlarged, and their capabilities expanded, by constant employment; and the judgment, of which they constitute the basis, is at length enabled to separate them, and finally attain a degree of precision, more or less perfect, in proportion to the employment it has received. From the senses to the grand seat of sensation, the brain, impressions

are conveyed by means of the nerves, when judgment receives them, compares and resolves, (governed in its decisions in a great measure by the peculiar tone of the character, in consequence of the communication, by means of the nervous system, with the organic sensibilities,) originates the will, produces voluntary motion, which, conveyed to the diaphragm, there induces particular contractions, which communicate an impulse to the muscular arrangement, producing the motion or actions consequent thereon. The nervous fibres, or tendons, are distributed through the whole system, in all its devious windings, remote parts, and intricate ramifications; and create under the united influence of organic impulse and animal impressions, the sensations of pain, hunger, thirst, and the emotions of pity, love, and fear. The transports we experience in the presence of some cherished object of affection, the tears we shed over the miseries of the unfortunate, and the terrors of fear, are caused by such operations of the nervous arrangement.

Proper direction and persevering care, will therefore improve the judgment, which may thus acquire control over the external organs of the system, and may guide, even govern, in most cases, the passions, and direct into proper, good, and virtuous channels, the current of human life; or a wrong direction, by a bad exhibition of objects, impart erroneous impressions, corrupt the judgment, and render life a career of crime, by the continued consequences of vicious, licentious, and uncontrolled propensities, until death closes the scene, and consigns to dissolution and oblivion, the miserable victim of debased inclinations.

Such is existence, such the principles on which it is founded, and such the influences which direct it. We come into the world helpless, so far as the animal life is concerned, though most of the organic functions are as perfect and regular as ever they can be. By the senses we receive general impressions of objects, our perceptions are gradually expanded, and the mind formed. From general ideas we proceed to elementary ones. We at length learn to speak and walk, and thus slowly are the external faculties and the brain trained by constant employment, till experience refines the imagination, quickens the perceptions, strengthens the judgment, and thence imparts energy, firmness, and decision to the character. Meanwhile the body has increased with the growth of the mind; vigor and power mark the development of the frame; and beauty, strength, and utility are blended in its form and conformation. But the complicated nature of the structure, renders it extremely liable to injury, and constantly subject to destruction. By the internal derangement or disease of the parts, by the predominance of some organic functions, by the relations we have established with other and neighboring existences, and by the consequences of our peculiar formation, we may be tortured with pain and agonized by sorrow, elated with hope or depressed by despair, transported with joy or terrified by fear, delighted with beauty and shocked at deformity, and experience the varied emotions of love and affection, or the wrackings of revenge, hatred, and remorse.

As the passions and dispositions are dependant almost entirely on the organic functions, they can be modified by no means but such as enter at once into the composition of the system, produce consequent changes in the animal fluids, and thus change and alter the force of those physical powers;—such are stimulants, anodynes, and others;—but seldom or never can a permanent change be even thus effected, and in general the leading features of the disposition remain through life unchanged. But the mental powers being perfected by education, may, by proper culture, be so strengthened as to control the system, modify the desires, and govern the passions. Well directed care may so fortify the animal life, as to enable the mind by the will to arrest, control, and guide the impulses of the organic. Life is essentially the same in all the departments of organized existences, but its operations and effects are more or less confined, according to the functions which it has to perform, and the structure of the system it animates. Of the elementary nature of the abstract principle which constitutes it, we know nothing; whether it be an all-pervading fluid, producing certain effects on organized matter, and under all other circumstances inert; whether it be a latent property in matter, exhibited under the influence of certain combinations; or whether it be an emanation from the essence of the Deity, animating organized existences; we can not ascertain, nor need we know; we have only to do with its effects on the body. Is the nature of the abstract principle what it may, we are certain that it produces, by its operations and connections with matter, certain results which alone directly interest us. We know that in our present state of existence, its effects on matter, as communicated through the material frame, may be in a great measure directed to useful results and worthy ends, by a proper disposition of circumstances, so arranged as to produce results on the mind which, by the laws of cause and effect, would so modulate and strengthen the moral principles, as to give them command over the physical desires and inclinations, direct them in a proper course, and thus render their possessors good, virtuous, and useful members of community. I do not say this can be effected in all cases; on the contrary, I believe there are some temperaments, arising from original organic defects, which the most discreet education can never enable the judgment

to control. But such instances are seldom to be met with, and even if they were numerous, our exertions instead of being relaxed, should only be the more energetic. If a proper bias in early youth would or could have directed a temperament naturally warm and ardent to a judicious course of life, which for want of such guidance sinks into criminal or vicious habits, the fault wholly centers in those having charge of it in youth, and not in the least in the passive victim of imprudence, whose misfortune it may be to possess strong passions without the ability to control them.

How important then becomes the duty of those having the charge of children, who, by proper training and cultivation, may render them virtuous, good, and useful members of society; or who, by subverting the noble capabilities of their natures, may reduce them to vice and immorality, render them fit, by the debasement and degradation of their minds, for any conduct however evil, for any actions however base and contemptible. What a vast, what an immense amount of responsibility rests on them! The welfare, the happiness or misery, the glory, honor, and prosperity, or the wretchedness, degradation, and woe of their children depend on them; let them look well to their charge! When we view the wreck of a noble mind, when we contemplate the benefits mankind in general might have derived from its powers, if properly applied, and when we consider that it is only and entirely the fault of those under whose surveillance and care the mind was originated and developed, that the world has lost the services of a noble spirit, and virtue an able supporter, it is sufficient to cast a gloom over existence, and excite the strongest emotions of manly sorrow. And yet we meet such almost daily, in our association with mankind. It is the firm and decided conviction of this truth, that has induced me thus to address you, and I hope that it may not be entirely in vain. An exhibition of the principles of existence show beyond a doubt or the possibility of a doubt, that the character and course of life depend on the organic structure of the system and the early direction given to the mind. This may be further verified by a simple reference to well known facts. The disposition of the tiger, owing to his organic formation, is cruel and bloodthirsty; and yet even he may be tamed, by proper care and attention. The strongest, the noblest, and the most ferocious of animals may, by perseverance, be educated to the service of man, by partially directing their minds, and imparting proper impressions to their limited capacities of perception and comparison. It has been affirmed that man is the only animal possessed of reasoning powers. This conclusion I believe to be erroneous. We see the effects of reason daily exemplified in the conduct of varieties of what has been termed the brute creation. But there is no time to discuss this subject. I must close my remarks.

It has been my object to remove erroneous impressions of life and death, by exhibiting the true principles on which they are based; & to show that the very first impulse given to the mind, or the first impression conveyed to the brain, may produce results which, for the better or the worse, may affect the whole after life. Hence to prove the importance of an early attention to the development of the mental faculties, and the direction of the inclinations.

Human life may be said to resemble a well finished address:—Infancy, in its promising prospects, the exordium; Childhood, with its hopes and anticipations, the proposition; Youth, in which are fixed and determined the plans of life, the narration; Manhood, which is the period of action and performance, the argument; Age, with its reflections and sage conclusions, the rehearsal; and Death the peroration. Without the latter it would be incomplete, and a wrong or erroneous direction given in the commencement, destroys the beauty and excellence of the whole.

In conclusion, allow me to remark, that human life is the only period of time over which we can exercise any control; and it should be employed in performing the virtuous and noble duty of rendering ourselves and those who surround us, and are connected with us by so many endearing ties and social relations, happy; and in training the coming generation to the performance of the same duties. Let us therefore apply ourselves to the accomplishment of these ends. Tranquil and happy will be our lives, and when death must put a period to our existences, we shall calmly sink to rest, leaving behind us the recollection of our virtues and the effects of our good examples. Then shall we have answered the ends for which we came into existence, and accomplished the purposes and occupied the stations intended for us in the great scale of existences and the grand succession of events.

If any man think it a small matter, or of mean concernment, to bridle his tongue, he is much mistaken: for it is a point to be silent, when occasion requires; and better than to speak, though ever so well.

Socrates is said to have been the only inhabitant of Athens, who, during the prevalence of the plague in that city, escaped infection: this circumstance the historians unanimously attributed to the strict temperance which he constantly observed—in conjunction, it may be added, with his well known equanimity under the most trying circumstances.

CHOICE EXTRACTS.

ANIMAL LIFE.—Of the natural duration of animal life, it is, from many circumstances, difficult to form an accurate estimate, the wild creatures being in great measure removed from observation, and those in a condition of domestication being seldom permitted to live as long as their bodily strength will allow. Herbivorous animals probably live longer than carnivorous ones, vegetable food being most easily obtainable at all seasons in a regular and requisite supply; whereas animals that subsist on flesh, or by the capture of prey, are necessitated at one period to pine without food, and at another are gorged with superfluity; and when the bodily powers of rapacious creatures become impaired, existence is difficult to support, and gradually ceases; but with herbivorous animals in the same condition, supply is not equally precarious, or wholly denied. Yet it is probable that few animals in a perfectly wild state live to a natural extinction of life. In a state of domestication, the small number of carnivorous creatures about us are sheltered, and fed with care, seldom are in want of proper food, and at times are permitted to await a gradual decay, continuing as long as nature permits; and by such attentions, many have attained to a great age; but this is rather an artificial than a natural existence. Our herbivorous animals, being kept mostly for profit, are seldom allowed to remain beyond approaching age; and when its advances trench upon our emoluments by diminishing the supply of utility, we remove them. The uses of the horse, though time may reduce them, are often protracted; and our gratitude for past services, or interest in what remains, prompts us to support his life by prepared food, of easy digestion, or requiring little mastication, and he certainly by such means attains to a longevity probably beyond the contingencies of nature. I have still a favorite pony—for she has been a faithful and able performer of all the duties required of her in my service for upwards of two-and-twenty years—and, though now above five-and-twenty years of age, she retains all her powers perfectly, without any diminution or symptom of decrepitude; the fineness of limb, brilliancy of eye, and ardor of spirit, are those of the colt, and though treated with no remarkable care, she has never been disabled by the illness of a day, or sickened by the drench of the farrier. With birds it is probably the same as with other creatures; and the eagle, the raven, the parrot, &c. in a domestic state, attain great longevity; & though we suppose them naturally tenacious of life, yet, in a really wild state, they would probably expire before the period which they attain when under our attention and care. And this is much the case with man, who probably outlives most other creatures; for though excess may often shorten, and disease or misfortune terminate his days, yet, naturally, he is a long-lived animal. His “threescore years and ten” are often prolonged by constitutional strength, and by the cares, the loves, the charities of human nature. As the decay of his powers awaken solicitude, duty and affection increase their attentions, and the spark of life only expires when the material is exhausted.

POETRY.—True poetry is not a profusion of glowing words: there must be order, there must be sentiment, and, moreover, there must be an aim, else all is vain, profitless, and nonsensical.

LITERARY CLUBS.—I have often wondered, and still wonder, why clubs for literary conversation are not more common in our own country. Nothing is so well fitted to whet the intellect and prepare it for rapid movements, as free extemporaneous discussion. The flint does not scintillate till brought into contact with some foreign substance; so the brightest emanations of genius are often elicited by the collision of different intellects. Who will deny that Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were largely indebted for their conversational celebrity, and even for their conversational powers, to clubs of this kind?—*Wines's Two Years and a Half in the American Navy.*

SINGULAR TREE.—In the island of Madagascar there is a singular dripping tree, from which a fluid fell copiously during the hottest part of the day, the quantity bearing a proportion to the intensity of the sun's rays. The leaves of this tree, which is considered to be a species of mulberry, are infested with the *larva* of an insect, allied to *cicada spumaria*, but probably as yet undescribed; from the bodies of these *larva* the fluid was observed to descend; it was transparent, without any disagreeable taste; and animals permitted to drink of it appeared to suffer no inconvenience.

LEARNED SOCIETIES.—Careless thinkers, a race unfortunately too numerous, have wasted more argumentative ridicule in assailing learned societies, than would fill a goodly library. They say, and not without truth, that the discoveries to which men are impelled, by the hope of medals and prizes, are for the most part refinements, of little practical value. Now, if this were admitted as universally true, if no discovery of importance had ever emanated from any of these societies, their utility would still be sufficiently great to entitle them to support. An ingenious invention, inapplicable to any important or valuable purpose, is not on that account to be rejected as useless; it may suggest new combinations of powers, and display new modifications, which, though of little worth in the primary application, may contribute to the perfection of arts never contemplated by the original inventor. Instances of such abound in the history of Art; there are countless examples of improvements thus mediately introduced, and there is no person moderately acquainted with the present state of machinery, who could not mention several within the sphere of his own experience. From these societies we gain another advantage of even greater importance: they lead men to think on the principles that form the basis of their several arts; to combine science with practice, and, though only in a few instances this combination may lead to new inventions, it, in all, secures the perfection of what has been already invented.

GEOGRAPHICAL SCIENCE.—A 'Geographical and Artistical Institute' has been formed at Leipzig, chiefly for the furtherance of the science of Geography in all its branches. The firstfruits of its labors will be the publication of 'Geographical Annals,' with plates and maps, of which four volumes will appear annually. It announces also 'A Universal Cosmography,' which will comprise the history, geography, and statistics of every country, to be written by English, French, and German writers, and published in their respective languages. It is calculated, that the work will extend to fifty volumes, and be completed in ten years!

ATTACHMENT OF ANIMALS.—There were two Hanoverian horses, which had assisted in drawing the same gun during the whole Peninsular war, in the German brigade of artillery. One of them met with his death in an engagement; after which the survivor was picked as usual, and his food was brought to him. He refused to eat, and kept constantly turning his head round to look for his companion, and sometimes calling him by a neigh. Every care was taken, and all means that could be thought of were adopted, to make him eat, but without effect. Other horses surrounded him on all sides, but he paid no attention to them; his whole demeanor indicated the deepest sorrow, and he died from hunger, not having tasted a bit from the time his companion fell.

THE REAL AND THE IDEAL.—To let the imagination sicken with love of ideal beauty, till it pines away into echo, is worse than folly; but to check our affections, and school our ideas, till thought and feeling reject everything they can not see, touch, and handle, certainly is not wisdom.—*The Mother's Story Book*.

FATE OF POETS.—The poet's lot, in every age, among every people, and under every possible combination of circumstances, has been proverbially inauspicious and unhappy. The very faculties, which constitute his felicity and fame, unfit him for the collisions and corosions of the world. The imagination, whose fervid splendors condense into the inextinguishable blaze of his glory, is as delusive as it is gorgeous, as transient as it is beautiful. The fancy, that flits, like the wing'd blossom bird, from one expanding bud of visionary thought to another, inhaling fragrance and delight, confers a momentary happiness, for which many days of weariness, despondency, and sorrow can not atone. The sensibility—without which no man ever was a true votary of the muse—which becomes, with the bard, the very principle of existence, is perpetually assailed and lacerated by a world ill-understood, and ill-fitted to understand in return. The fountains of his thought, that mirrored heaven in his solitude, are darkened and defiled by the shadows and sins of mankind; his beautiful dreams dissolve and disperse before the garish dawn of earthly realities; his twilight and day-spring reveries give place to carking cares and bitter anxieties; the great throng partake not his imaginings or his sensibilities, and, like the *Schrab* of the *Shara*, he floats upon the horizon of the world, a glittering and admired, but unapproached illusion. Un-

happiness—as men measure one another's felicities—has ever been the destiny of the poet—for poverty, unappreciated excellence, solitude, midnight study, and the midday persecution of envy are his portion forever. Pert and flippant rhymers, "the antichrists of wit" and professors of plagiarism, who, like Lycophron, might safely threaten suicide if any one could understand them, may earn the reward of literary Bobadils and foist themselves, by helot adulation, into the good graces of the world; but the doom of the high-souled *prophet* and *creator* (vates and poeta) has never changed since Homer begged his bread among the isles of Greece. Let us remember and record the trials of a few who could not be the sycophants of tyrants nor the baboon beaux of fashion. Plautius was the journeyman of a miller. Agrippa died in a workhouse. Xylander sold his notes on Dion Cassius for a dinner when he was famishing. Cervantes—the boast and glory of his accursed country—perished in a hospital; and Camoens, whose *Lusiad* is the sole glory of degraded Portugal, breathed out his wronged and agonized soul, beneath the balconies of pampered lords, in the filthy streets of Lisbon. Purchas, whose *Relation of the World* was the delight of his contemporaries, was thrown into prison by his printer. The immortal Spenser, whose *Fairy Queen* has never had a rival, was denied even a pittance by Lord Burleigh, in his distress and disease, and died, at last, in want of bread. Boyce, author of the poem, *The Creation*, expired of actual starvation; he was found dead in a garret, half covered by a filthy blanket, which was fastened round his skeleton form by a butcher's skewer. Who has not heard of Otway's suffocating crust? of Tasso's madhouse? of Milton's blindness, penury, and persecution? of the despairing suicides of Chatterton, Neale, and Fletcher? In our own times and country, who knows not that Freneau passed his life in pressing need, and sunk into poverty and desperation? that Rockhill died in the dawn of manhood from disease inflicted by pecuniary anxiety? and that poor Gamage lingered out a hopeless being on the charity of his friends, and was buried decently through their benefactions? Let not the indurated and obdurate man of the world denounce the sensibility he never felt, nor the vain hireling of a news-vendor criticise the errors of genius he can not comprehend. An ideot may follow the path of the lightning, and "a dwarf, mounted on the shoulders of a giant, may see farther than the giant himself." Nothing is easier than to detect a stain on the cheek of purity, or a single frailty where all else is perfection; but nothing is more difficult to acquire than the brightness and glory which malevolent envy is so eager to undervalue. Temporizing prudence, caution, avarice, and servility are not poetical virtues; indeed, it is impossible that the high poetic faculty can exist in one who exemplifies them; hence the trials and sorrows that must for ever gather around the eloquent and sensitive poet—and hence the neglect and obscurity into which even those who have been public favorites, are suffered to sink after a hurricane of professions and compliments.—*North American Magazine*.

LITERARY INQUIRER.

EDITED BY W. VERRINDER.

BUFFALO, TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1833.

IMPORTANT TO AGENTS AND SUBSCRIBERS.—In our next number we shall acknowledge the receipt of all subscriptions paid "in advance" for the first volume of the *Literary Inquirer*. In places where we have no agent, if two subscribers will unite and enclose a \$3 note, we shall have no objection to pay postage, provided the money be sent immediately.

THE LYCEUM.—We have published the remainder of Mr. FERRIS's lecture on *Life and Death*, which will, we think, be perused by many with both interest and profit. At the last meeting, held on the 8th instant, T. BURWELL, Esq. *President of the Lyceum*, delivered an extemporaneous address on the *Philosophy of Natural History*. He made many interesting remarks on the nature of animal and vegetable life, the difference between the three great kingdoms into which the world is divided by naturalists, the circulation of the blood, &c. We hope Mr. BURWELL will be invited to deliver an entire series of lectures on the important science of which he gave so beautiful a description. The whole of the lectures on such a subject we should be happy to publish in our paper.

PREMIUMS.—We have the pleasure to announce to our readers, the reception on the 12th instant, from a distant city, of part of a *TALE*, written for the premium of a Gold Medal or Twenty Dollars; in consequence of which we gave notice in the *Republican*, *Bulletin*, and *Patriot*, that we should be willing to receive, until the last day of the ensuing month, contributions for this object, and also for the premium of a Silver Medal or Ten Dollars, which we offered for the best *BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH* of some eminent literary character. We take this opportunity to return our best thanks to the Editors of the above papers for so readily complying with our request, and also for having so uniformly expressed their good wishes for the success of the *Literary Inquirer*.

COMMITTEE TO AWARD THE PREMIUMS.—During the month of June the Tales, Poems, Biographical Sketches, and Essays, by competitors for the premiums, will be submitted to seven members of the *Lyceum*, by whom their relative merits will be decided and the premiums awarded. As soon as the Committee (whose names will be published in due season) shall have pronounced their decision, it shall be made known in this or some other paper, and in the subsequent number the *Prize Tale*, &c. will be published.

GENESEE FARMER.—Several successive numbers of this useful journal have contained very valuable communications on *Gardening*, written by ALEXANDER GORDON, whose extensive acquaintance with Horticulture and its kindred sciences, has been so beautifully and practically developed in the *Rochester Nursery*, which, we understand, is already one of the best establishments of the kind in Western New York, and can not fail ultimately to remunerate its proprietor for the great outlay of capital which such an undertaking necessarily requires. From a recent number of the *Farmer*, we learn, that Mr. J. BUEL, of Albany, has, at the solicitation of the enterprising and indefatigable publishers, Luther Tucker & Co. consented to aid them in the Editorial department, so far as his other avocations will permit.

THE NORTH AMERICAN MAGAZINE.—From the following extract of the Editor's address to the "Patrons" of this increasingly useful and interesting periodical, our readers will learn, we doubt not with as much pleasure as ourselves, that the "patriotic and independent" exertions of SUMNER LINCOLN FAIRFIELD, "to rescue the American mind from habitual bondage" and to advance the literature of his country, have been so highly appreciated and encouraged as to induce the immediate enlargement of the Magazine. An examination of the six numbers already published, and which constitute the first volume of the work, would, we think, lead many of the friends of American Literature in this city to forward their names as subscribers. These numbers may be inspected at the office of the *Literary Inquirer*, the "exchanges" of which may at any time be examined by our friends and the public in general.

"We are not only highly encouraged to continue our work, but it will, hereafter, be printed in *ROYAL* instead of *medium* octavo, the paper of which will be both finer and thicker than it now is, though few periodical works, in this country, have been executed in a superior style. This enlargement will increase the quantity of matter, while our endeavors shall not be wanting, also, to heighten the interest of our articles. We gratefully acknowledge the liberality of the patronage we have received, and hope, by manly thought, impartiality, and independence, to enjoy its continuance."

From the North American Magazine.

Thus, month by month, undaunted, undeterred,
We to our task have chained our patient thought,
And ever in our heart the hope hath stirred

That not in vain we in the field have wrought.
Be serfs no more! why dwells proud Freedom here,
If the crushed MIND owns naught it may at home revert?

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The "Misanthrope," the "Noise of the World," the "Song to my Sweetheart," and "Virtue and Happiness," are inadmissible.

The "Lines" forwarded by "a Patron" are under consideration.

The "Scene on the Banks of Lake Erie, near Buffalo," will appear in our next.

TRAVELING AGENTS.—Harry Griswold and Lyman C. Draper. Any facilities that our subscribers or stationary agents can render the above we shall most gratefully acknowledge.

POETRY.

From the Knickerbacker.

TO AN IMPRISONED LION.

Monarch of India's burning plain—
Where once in undisputed reign
Thou held'st despotic sway:—
Lord of the desert—noble king—
Thou, who a dauntless glance can fling
Back to the God of Day!
There's terror still upon thy brow,
And pomp about thee even now.

How great—how fallen!—caged and chained
By him on whom thou once disdained
To cast contemptuous look!
Those iron bars—that narrow floor—
The confines of that prison door,
How can thy spirit brook?
Throbs on thy unsubdued heart,
As when it played the monarch's part?

Methinks, when fettered in a cage,
With one resistless roar of rage,
And madness uncontrolled,
Thy great heart, at the very first,
Should in its agony have burst
Beneath the conqueror's hold:—
Worthy thy life, old king, would be
Such savage death, to set thee free.

Yet here thou art—shut up and cramped,
With all thy haughty ardor damped,
Ignobly shown about,
A scarecrow to each childish fear,
The subject of an idle jeer
For every rabble rout:—
A living lesson to the world,
How low a monarch may be hurled.

Yet all thy greatness is not fled—
Thou hast a solemn, measured tread,
As in thy loftiest days;
Majestic still thy eye-balls flash,
And sternly mortal eyes can dash
That would return thy gaze:—
Thou art Imperial! and no chains
Debase the blood in royal veins.

Say what they may, thy spirit dwells
Within thee still—and freedom swells
Within thy breast till death;
Thou, as thy sires, wast born to rule,
And thy king-passion can not cool,
But with thy latest breath:
Though servile chains to thee may cling,
Still thou art "every inch a king!"

So he, who fought his way to thrones,
The proudest one Ambition owns,
Fell from his height at last.
Chained to old ocean's loneliest rock,
He firmly met and braved the shock
That told his splendors past:—
Though heaven was black—yet, like the oak,
His spirit bent not, till it broke!

A FRAGMENT.

Soon will the roses of the spring
In virgin beauty wave,
And sweetly bud and blossom o'er
My early welcome grave.

And gay birds sing their joyous songs,
Their joyous songs of love,
And earth be seen in garb of green,
And skies be blue above.

And balmy winds will breathe upon
My low and lonely bed,
And through the long bright days, the sun,
A flood of glory shed.

And Cythia, through the evening hours,
With all her glittering train,
Fling her soft silvery rays on it,
And light it up again.

V.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE.—I caused to be made a very strong bell glass, nine inches in diameter, and low and flat, for the purpose of congealing water, by its own evaporation, in the manner of Prof. Leslie. It was tried upon the plate of one of M. Pixii's glass barreled air pumps, from Paris. At the moment, Mr. O. P. Hubbard, assistant in the chemical department of Yale College, and myself, and also a young man who was working the pump, were stooping and intently inspecting the experiment, and our faces were almost in contact with the bell, when it was instantaneously crushed by the pressure of the atmosphere, with a loud report from the collapse. The fragments of glass were innumerable, and some of them impalpable; some of the larger were driven into the glass plate of the pump, causing deep wounds, which it was necessary to remove by a new and thorough grinding, and, even in that way, they were not entirely obliterated. Still, neither of us was even scratched by the glass, for the obvious reason that the force was all exerted downward and inward.—*Silliman's Journal*.

CLAY FOR SCULPTORS.—Sculptors who prepare their models in clay, have frequently occasion to leave their work for a long time unfinished, and in such cases often experience much difficulty from the drying and shrinking of the material. It is well to know that by the addition of ten to fifteen per cent. of muriate of lime, well worked or kneaded into the clay, it will be preserved for almost any length of time in a moist state, and fit for a renewal of the work without any preparation.—*Jour. des Connais. Usuelles*.

GEOLGY.—M. de Seckendorf has found in the Hartz, in the midst of a quarry situated near the causeway which leads to Hartzburg, fragments of grauwacke containing petrifications, imbedded (emphatic) in granite. M. Hartmann, the translator of Lyell's Geology, confirms this statement.—*Rev. Encyc.*

FIRST OBSERVATION OF SPOTS ON THE SUN.—An account was read to the Royal Society of London, on the 24th of May last, of a number of unpublished astronomical papers of Thomas Harriot, found in the library of the Earl of Egremont, by which it appears that Harriot observed the spots on the sun, and the satellites of Jupiter, in the same year (1610) in which they were first observed by Galileo. Harriot's observations on the spots fill seventy four half sheets of foolscap, the first being dated 1610. The writing is clear and the drawings well defined. His first observations on the satellites of Jupiter are dated 17th of October, 1610; they are clearly written on thirteen half sheets of foolscap. Baron de Zach had access to these papers in 1784, and inferred from the examination of them, that Harriot observed these phenomena before Galileo; but Professor Rignaud of the university of Oxford, who furnishes the present statement to the Royal Society, concludes that there is no proof whatever of such a priority, even on Baron de Zach's own showing, for he admits that Galileo discovered the satellites on the 7th of January, 1610, nearly eight months before the date of Harriot's paper. Harriot made no pretensions to priority in the discoveries in question.—*Lond. Phil. Mag.*

ARTIFICIAL GRANITE.—Take two ounces of very pure white glass, an ounce of glass of antimony, a grain of the powder of Cassius, and a grain of manganese; reduce the whole to powder, mix intimately, and melt in a crucible. The product has such a resemblance to granite, that many persons mistake it for that substance.—*Jour. de Con. Us.*

METHOD OF CLEANSING WOOL FROM ITS GREASE, AND ECONOMIZING THE RESIDUE.—M. Darct, who has long been consulted by manufacturers, advised the following method, which was tried with complete success. Immerse the wool, well washed from dirt, in a vessel containing spirits of turpentine, and let it remain from thirty six to forty eight hours. Withdraw and immerse a fresh quantity. By means of a press, force out all the adhering spirit, spread the wool out to dry, and when it is to be used wash it in warm water containing a little alkali. When the spirits of turpentine will no longer act upon or remove the grease, distil it for fresh use, and the matter remaining in the still, treated with soda, will make good soap.—*Id.*

CHINA.—China was first made in England, by Mr. Wedgewood, in 1762.

MISCELLANY.

Little evil is said of a man who has few or no pretensions to be praised; the reason is, that revenge is scarce ever leveled but against superiority of merit.

A minute analysis of life at once destroys that splendor which dazzles the imagination. Whatsoever grandeur can display, or luxury enjoy, is procured by offices of which the mind shrinks from the contemplation. All the delicacies of the table may be traced back to the shambles and the dunghill; all magnificence of building was hewn from the quarry; and all the pomp of ornament dug from among the damps and darkness of the mine.

If you see a person get offended at the publication of an article that was not intended for him, it is a sure sign that he has been guilty of a like crime.

"Love covers a multitude of sins." When a scar can not be taken away, the next kind office is to hide it. Love is never so blind as when it is to spy faults. It is like the painter who, being to draw the picture of a friend having a blemish in one eye, would picture only the other side of his face. It is a noble and great thing to cover the blemishes, and to excuse the failings of a friend; to draw a curtain before his stains, and to display his perfections; to bury his weaknesses in silence, and to proclaim his virtues upon the house-top.

Virtue is of no particular form or station; the finest outlines of the human frame are frequently filled up with the dullest wits. A little diamond, well polished, is always of greater value than a rocky mountain, whatever may be its size and extent.

INCREASED AND ADDITIONAL LITERARY PREMIUMS.—With a view to encourage the efforts of native genius, the following premiums will be given to the writers of the best articles for the various departments of the *Literary Inquirer*, which shall be contributed on or before the last day of October next. A Gold Medal, or Fifty Dollars, to the writer of the best Tale, suitable for publication in this paper; a Gold Medal, or Twenty-five Dollars, to the writer of the best Poem on any interesting and appropriate subject; a Silver Medal, or Fifteen Dollars, to the writer of the best Biographical Sketch of some eminent character; and a Silver Medal, or Ten Dollars, to the writer of the best Essay on some subject connected with literature or science. On the medals, should the successful competitors prefer them their respective value in cash, will be engraved suitable inscriptions.

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